



Nightmare



👁 222 ✓ 20 ⭐ 19

Chapter 1 by lightningstrikeshannah (I'm back!)

I grabbed a small shopping cart and I walked down the aisles, minding my own business looking for the coffee beans when I saw the man from my nightmares.

He was tall and had jet black hair. He may seem like an average person, but he is really a cruel, vicious murderer. Under the baggy sleeves of his shirt, he hides knives and other weapons. His ice cold blue eyes could paralyze you with fear.

And he was standing right in front of me.

Chapter 2 by Weirdfriendlessgirl



I could run but he would catch me.

I could scream for help but he would kill anyone that got in his way.

My only choice was to fight.

"What do you want?" I asked quietly watching the old lady move slowly down the aisle.

"I've been sent to find you" he said.

I turned back to him "Why?"

He smirked "You know why. It was so....naïve to think you could escape. They will always find

you."

"No" I protested "I will escape."

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"Crabbing the first thing I see."

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He blocked them easily. Pulling his knife out of his sleeve he advanced towards me. "Is that really the best you can do?"

Chapter 3 by Spirit



I backed away from the man. The nightmares came back to me. I felt the knife tearing though my chest. The man's laughter as he mocked my pain. I remembered how it felt. Felt to be defeated. As he mocked me, knife in my chest as I lay sprawled out on the floor.

"Come on, you can't make it this easy." No one else in the grocery store seemed to notice the man. They just looked at me strangely. Someone called and asked why I had thrown my potatoes.

"You're taking all of the fun out of the 'murder' part of this mission. You were supposed to be important, but I guess that you're just another victim. It's a shame that you couldn't put up more of a fight." His wicked smile glinted in the light of the store. His teeth were flawless. Unnaturally flawless. His jet black hair bounced as he moved like the wings of a raven beating in the wind. I just stood there, paralyzed with fear.

"Even if you don't struggle, I'll enjoy this. Very, very much."

He lunged forward. The cold, silver knife arcing though the air. The people around me saw my fear, but not what I was afraid of. Why couldn't they see him? Why could I only see him?

I quickly dodged to the side, the knife arcing past me and cutting through the air.

"I won't let you kill me. Not today." I breathed.

He smiled, twisted face brightening. "So this isn't going to be boring after all? How sweet of you."

He lunged forward.

Chapter 3 by Spirit

And then he was gone. I turned to see him

wondering what the hell

he was doing. He was looking at me with a confused expression. I turned to see him

standing in front of me. He was looking at me with a confused expression. Why did he have to

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I mumbled under my breath, wondering why he had just left when he was so close to killing me. By now, everyone was staring at me. Someone had even called the police.

Chapter 5 by the man in a chicken suit on a pogo stick on fire doing backflips over the grand canyon

Donald trump suddenly appeared and fought John cena in a speedo. People cried as the two titans battled in the street. Then a llama shouted "baaaa baaaa" which meant launch the penguin kamikaze. Then my entire world exploded and we moved to donald trumps space station. if you said one thing wrong you were deported into deep space immediately it was nice to know trump loved us so much. That's when we hit into the giant ant hill.

"lfajaflkafafdlaf;lkf;lkf;lka;lk;lkfalkflalfkllkfdhfhjugfhrhyuureyureyueyureyureyure" the queen shouted

the other ants launched the nukes and the human race died

Chapter 6 by lightningstrikeshannah (I'm back!)

I was at home, watching the presidential debate, and I knew that the nightmare man was trying to make me go insane with weird thoughts and visions. I couldn't let his madness effect me. I would not live in a rubber walled room with a straitjacket.

A knock on the door proved that this man would stop at nothing to kill me.

The knocks grew louder.

It turned to pounding. Something scratched the door, which made the lock jam open, with sounds like nails on a chalkboard.

This was it. I was going to die.

Chapter 7 by Astrid

I ran to my room, a floor up. I grabbed anything I thought would be helpful, and then carefully climbed down the vine covered trellis outside my window. He was in the house now, I could

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human! You can never get away!" he threw a knife at my windshield, and it shattered. I drove away, breathing hard. I had only just escaped.

Chapter 8 by Nick Ricker



I had to get out of here, I thought. But how? Everywhere I went he would follow, no matter what, I would have to spend my entire life on the run, well so be it, I wont let him win. A voice interrupted my thought process.

"Andrea? What are you doing in here?" My Father asked, sitting beside me in the car.

How is my Dad here? He died in a robbery 6 years ago!

"Andrea, we have to turn around, we have to go back home." He pleaded, hoping to win me over.

This must be another trick, a hallucination the killer made. As I thought of the possibility of the killer being here with me, my Dad was gone, totally vanished.

Ahead of me, a pedestrian was crossing the street, his hood was up and he was wearing all black. I slammed on the brakes before I almost hit him. He started walking to my car, holding what appeared to be a map, what does he want, I thought. I rolled down my window as he pulled down his hood. He uttered one word.

"Run."

I closed the window fast and looked at him while speeding up, he started breaking into laughter and watching me as I pulled away.

What's happening to me...

the end

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